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AUNT
MARY'S POEMS

2805

f. 327

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AUNT MARY'S POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT,

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.



Second Edition.

READING :

T. BARCHAM, BROAD STREET.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The very great demand which has been made for a certain little "Collection of Poetry for Young Persons," lately out of print, has induced the compiler to send out another edition in a more popular form, with considerable additions, both original and select.

She begs to acknowledge her obligations to several friends for their kind contributions, and has availed herself to a considerable extent of the very suitable productions of Mary Howitt, Mrs. Hemans, and several other popular poets of the present day, as well as others of older date.

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AUNT MARY'S POETRY.



THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD EVIDENT.

SEE here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, and the words; but you do not see the writers, the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, nor the binder; you never did see them; you never will see them; and yet there is not one of you that will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very minds of these men in seeing this book; and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that they had skill, contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason. In the same manner if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter of it; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it; if you see one room contrived for this purpose, another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign

of a wheatsheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter ; but who, when he sees the wheatsheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself, "This had a wise and good Creator."

THE BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration,
To view the structure of this little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well, within, without ;
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join ; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished ! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another ? Vainly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils !

THE NAUTILUS.

Two feet they upward raise, and steady keep,
These are the masts and rigging of the ship ;
A membrane stretched between, supplies the sail,
Bends from the masts, and swells before the gale :
The other feet hang paddling on each side,
And serve for oars to row, and helm to guide :
'Tis thus they sail, pleased with the wanton game,
The fish, the sailor, and the ship the same.

But when the swimmers dread some danger near,
The sportive pleasure yields to stronger fear :
No more they wanton drive before the blasts,
But strike the sails, and bring down all the masts ;
The rolling waves their sinking shells o'erflow,
And dash them down again to sands below.

THE BEE.

The bee observe—

She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form—a cunning architect,
That at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flow'r to flow'r,
Travels the livelong day. Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer, than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, look here and learn
How good, how fair, how honourable 'tis
To live by industry.

THE WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm ;
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,

A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free ;
And spread o'er earth the glassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
Oh do not lightly take away
A life thou canst not give.

THE CAMEL.

Camel thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child,
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless.
Thou dost clothe him, thou dost feed,
Thou dost lend to him thy speed ;
And through wilds of trackless sand,
In the hot Arabian land,
Where no rock its shadow throws,
Where no pleasant water flows,
Where the hot air is not stirred,
By the wing of singing bird,
There thou goest, untired and meek,
Day by day, and week by week,
With thy load of precious things,
Silks for merchants, gold for kings ;

Pearls of Ormuz, riches rare,
Damascene and Indian ware ;
Bale on bale, and heap on heap,
Freighted like a costly ship :
And when week by week is gone,
And the traveller journeys on
Feebly, when his strength is fled,
And his hope and heart seem dead,
Camel, thou dost turn thy eye
On him kindly, soothingly,
As if thou wouldst cheering say
Journey on for this one day,
Do not let thy heart despond,
There is water yet beyond ;
I can scent it in the air,
Do not let thy heart despair,
And thou guid'st the traveller there.
Camel, thou art good and mild,
Docile as a little child,
Thou wast made for usefulness,
Man to comfort and to bless ;
And these desert wastes must be
Untract regions but for thee.

THE OSTRICH.

There, there in the desert like armies for war,
The flocks of the ostrich are seen from afar ;
Speeding on, speeding on, o'er the desolate plain,
Where the fleet-mounted Arab pursueth in vain.

There, there, where the zebras are flying in haste,
The herd of the ostrich comes down o'er the waste :
Half running, half flying, what progress they make,
Twang the bow, not the arrow their flight could o'ertake.
Strong bird of the wild ! thou art gone like the wind,
And thou leavest the cloud of thy speeding behind.
Fare thee well ! in thy desolate region farewell !
All alone in the desert we leave thee to dwell.

THE LION.

Lion thou art girt with might,
King by uncontested right :
Strength, and majesty, and pride,
Are in thee personified.
Slavish doubt, or timid fear,
Never came thy spirit near.
What it is to fly or bow,
To a mightier than thou,
Never has been known to thee,
Creature terrible and free.
Power the mightiest gave the lion
Sinews like to bands of iron ;
Gave him force that never failed,
Gave a heart that never quailed ;
Triple mailed coat of steel,
Plates of brass from head to heel,
Less defensive were in wearing,
Than the lion's heart of daring :
Nor could towers of strength impart
Trust like that which keeps his heart.

When he sends his roaring forth,
Silence falls upon the earth ;
For the creatures, great and small,
Know his terror-breathing call ;
And, as if by death pursued,
Leave him to his solitude.
Lion, thou art made to dwell
In hot lands untractable ;
And thyself, the sun, the sand,
Are a tyrannous triple band.
Lion king and desert throne,
All the region is your own.

THE LION AND CAMELOPARD.

Wouldst thou view the lion's den ?
Search afar from haunts of men,
Where the reed encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain ;
By its verdure far descried,
'Mid the desert brown and wide.
Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day,
Brings again the destined prey.
Heedless at the ambushed brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink ;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy ! the desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife,
For the prey is strong and strives for life.

Plunging oft with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
Then bursts like whirlwind through the waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste.
In vain ; the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly, tearing as he flies.
For life the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need
For life. For life his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight ;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain ! the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking ;
The victor's fangs are in his veins,
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains ;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed :—he reels, his race is o'er !
He falls, and with convulsive throes
Resigns his throat to the raging foe,
Who revels amidst his dying moans ;
While gathering round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged monarch quits his prey.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER WAGTAIL.

Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects young and old !
I'm the Lord of the creation,
I—a water wagtail bold !

All around and all you see,
All the world was made for me!

Yonder sun so proudly shining,
Rises when I leave my nest,
And behind the hills declining,
Sets—when I retire to rest :
Morn and evening thus you see,
Day and night were made for me!

Vernal gales to love invite me,
Summer sheds for me her beams ;
Autumn's genial scenes delight me ;
Winter paves with ice my streams :
All the year is mine you see,
Seasons change like moons for me!

On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees ;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease :
Hills and valleys thus you see,
Groves and rivers made for me!

Boundless are my vast dominions ;
I can hop, or swim, or fly,
When I please my towering pinions,
Trace my empire through the sky :
Air and elements you see,
Heaven and earth were made for me!

Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep ;

Man, 'subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap :
Mighty man himself you see,
All that breathe were made for me !
'Twas for my accommodation,
Nature rose when I was born ;
Should I die—the whole creation
Back to nothing would return :
Sun, moon, stars, the world you see,
Sprung—exist—will fall with me !
Here the pretty prattler ending,
Spread his wings to soar away,
But a cruel hawk descending,
Pounced him up—a helpless prey :
Couldst thou not poor wagtail see
That the hawk was made for thee ?

THE EAGLE.

There upon the topmost tower, black as the night,
Sits the old monarch eagle in full blaze of light.
He is king of the mountains, save him and his mate
No eagle dwells there ; he is lonely and great.
Look ! look ! how he sits, with his keen glancing eye,
And proud head thrown back, looking into the sky.
And hark ! to the rush of his out-spreading wings,
Like the coming of tempest, as upward he springs.
And now, how the echoing mountains are stirred,
For that was the cry of the eagle you heard.
Now see how he soars, like a speck in the height
Of the blue vaulted sky, and now lost to the sight ;

And now downward he flies, like a shaft from the bow
Of a strong archer shot, to the valleys below.
And that was the bleat of a lamb from the flock,
One moment, and he reascends to the rock.
Yes, see how the conqueror is winging his way,
And his terrible talons are holding their prey.
Great bird of the wilderness! lonely and proud,
With a spirit unbroken, a neck never bowed,
With an air of defiance august and severe,
Who scorn'st an inferior, and hatest a peer,
What is it that giveth thee beauty and worth?
Thou wert made for the desolate places of earth,
To mate with the tempest, to match with the sea,
And God shewed his power in the lion and thee.

THE LOCUST.

The locust is fierce, and strong, and grim,
And an armed man is afraid of him.
He comes like a winged shape of dread,
With his shielded back and his armed head;
And his double wing for hasty flight,
And a keen, unwearying appetite.
He comes with famine and fear along,
An army a million million strong,
The Goth, and Vandal, and dwarfish Hun,
With their swarming people, wild and dun,
Bring not the dread that the locust brings,
When is heard the rush of the myriad wings.
From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
Where the lions roam, and the serpents breed;

Far over the sea, away, away,
And darken the sun at noon of day.
Like Eden the land before they find ;
But they leave it a desolate waste behind.

The peasant grows pale when he sees them come,
And standeth before them weak and dumb ;
For they come like a raging fire of power,
And eat up a harvest in half an hour ;
And the trees are bare, and the land is brown,
As if trampled and trod by an army down.

There is terror in every monarch's eye,
When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh ;
For he knows that the might of an armed host,
Cannot drive the spoiler from out of his coast ;
That terror and famine his land await,
And from North to South 'twill be desolate.

Thus the ravening locust is strong and grim,
And what were an armed man to him ?
Fire turneth him not, nor sea prevents,
He is stronger by far than the elements ;
The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
And he darkens the sun at the noon of day.

THE GLOWWORM.

Beneath a hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray,
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed ;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives him a modicum of light,
Proportioned to his size.

Perhaps indulgent nature meant,
By such a lamp bestowed,
To bid the traveller as he went,
Be careful where he trod.

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light,
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis power Almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain.

Ye proud and wealthy ! let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has its gem,
And boasts its splendour too.

DIALOGUE.

Sister take this little flower,
And tell me how it grows ;

Who made the pretty jessamine,
And yonder blushing rose ?

'Twas God, my dear, I've often heard,
I think he is very good,
To take such care of you and me,
And give us constant food.

And is it God that does all this ?
And makes us hear and see ;
And walk about this pretty world,
That gives such life to me ?

'Tis only He can give you life—
Indeed I know 'tis so ;
I ask'd mamma, she told me this,
Not many days ago.

Though she can paint a pretty bird,
She cannot make it fly ;
She says 'tis only God that can,
Who lives above the sky.

Well, sure, she always tells the truth,
And says that we must too,
Or else we cannot go to God,
And sing as angels do.

Well, dear, we'll go to play I think,
Another time we'll talk ;
I want to set this pretty flower,
In yonder shady walk.

WHERE IS GOD ?

Where is He ? Ask his emblem,
The glorious, glorious sun ;
Who glads the round world with his beams,
Ere his day's long course is run.
Where is He ? Ask the stars, that keep
Their nightly watch on high.
Where is He ? Ask the pearly dew,
The tear-drops of the sky.
Where is He ? Ask the secret founts,
That feed the boundless deep ;
The dire simoon, or the soft night breeze,
That lulls the earth to sleep.
Where is He ? Ask the storm of fire,
That bursts from Ætna's womb,
And ask the glowing lava flood,
That makes the land a tomb.
Where is He ? Ask the maelstroom's whirl,
Shivering tall pines like glass :
Ask the giant oak, the graceful flower,
Or the simplest blade of grass.
Where is He ? Ask behemoth,
Who drinketh rivers dry :
The ocean-king leviathan,
Or the scarce seen atom fly.
Where is He ? Ask the awful calms
On mountain tops that rest,
And the bounding, thund'ring avalanches,
Rent from their rugged crest.

Ask the wide wasting hurricane,
 Careering in its might,
The thunder crash, the lightning blaze,
 Earth all convulsed with fright.
Where is He? Ask the crystal isles
 On arctic seas that sail,
Or ask, from lands of balm and spice,
 The perfume breathing gale,
Where in the universe is found
 That presence favoured spot?
All, all proclaim his dwelling place,
 But say, where is He not?

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, oh! where is that happy shore,
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows?
And the fire-flies glance thro' the myrtle boughs?
 Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise?
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
 Not there, not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine ;
And the diamond lights up the secret mine ;
And the pearls gleam forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that happy land ?
Not there, not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
Ear hath not heard its sweet songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death cannot enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Far beyond the skies, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

Oh call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone—
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone ?
The butterfly is glancing bright,
Across the sunbeam's track,
I care not now to chase its flight,
Oh call my brother back !
The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree—
Our vine is drooping with its load,
Oh ! call him back to me.

He would not hear thy voice fair child,
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given ;
Go, thou must play alone my boy,
Thy brother is in heaven.

THE DROWNING FLY.

In yonder vase, behold a drowning fly,
Its little feet how vainly does it ply ;
Its cries I understand not, yet it cries,
And tender hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim ; and will none save ?
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave ?
Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh,
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die ?
Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die, this hand shall rescue thee ;
My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore,
There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er ;
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear,
Go, join thy buzzing brothers in the air.
Away it flies, resumes its harmless play,
And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.

THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE.

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and
fiery eye ;

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged
speed,

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab
steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy
wind,

The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle rein, thy master hath his
gold,

Fleet-limb'd and beautiful, farewell ! thou'rt sold, my
steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell ! those free untir'd limbs, full many a mile
must roam,

To reach the chill, and wintry sky, which clouds the
stranger's home ;

Some other hand less fond, must now, thy corn and bed
prepare,

The silky main I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I travel through the desert paths, where we were
wont to be.

Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy
plain,

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home
again.

Yes, thou must go ; the wild free breeze—the brilliant
sun and sky—

Thy master's home—from all of these, my exiled one
must fly ;

Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy steps
become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand
to meet.

Only shall I behold in *sleep* thy dark eye glancing
bright,

Only in *sleep* shall hear again thy step so firm and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer
thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed ?

Ah ! rudely, then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may
chide,

Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy
panting sides ;

And the rich blood that in thee swells, in thy indignant
pain,

Till careless eyes which rest on thee may count each
started vein.

Will they ill use thee ? If I thought—but no, it cannot be,
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed—so gentle and so free ;
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart
should burn,

Can the hand which casts thee from it now, command
thee to return ?

Return ; alas ! my Arab steed ! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hast vanished from
his view !

When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through
the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage
appears ?

Slow and undaunted will I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft hast
borne me on ;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,
'Twas *here* he bowed his glossy neck, when last I saw
him drink.

When last I saw thee drink ! Away, the fever'd dream
is o'er,
I could not live a day and *know* that we should meet
no more ;
They tempted me, my beautiful, for hunger's power is
strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful, but I have lov'd too long.

Who said that I had given thee up ? Who said that
thou wert sold ?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed ! I'll fling them
back their gold ;
And thus I'll leap upon thy back, and scour the distant
plains,
Away ! who overtakes us now, shall claim *thee* for his
pains.

JACK, THE LITTLE SWEEP.

Little Jack, a poor sweep-boy, was pacing the street,
With his bag on his back, but no shoes on his feet ;
Full bent on his work, in each shop he would peep,
And cry to its owner, sweep ! sweep ! who wants sweep ?

Once turning a corner he turned a great rout,
Which he found came from school boys from school
just turned out :
Who were playing at marbles, a favourite game,
When he popped down his bag, just to look at the same.

Jack had not staid long, when close under the wall,
He spied out their school books, both large ones and
small ;
He just took up one, when its owner cried out,
I say, master sooty, what are you about ?

No harm, cries poor Jack, so he gave him a top,
For a peep at his book, while at play he did stop ;
The game being ended, Jack gave up the book,
And then said to the boy, see here ! master look !

Here's a nice bag of marbles, and gladly I'll pay
A marble each letter you teach me to say.
"Agreed," said the boy ; Jack set to with glee,
And very soon learn'd the whole A, B, C.

One day as poor Jack was tripping apace,
To meet his young friend, he was not in his place ;

"I'll find him," said Jack, "though I don't know his name,"

Which he very soon did, at his favourite game.

Jack waited awhile, but great was his pain,
When he heard the boy say, "I can't teach you again,"
My father almost took a stick to my back,
You dirtied my book so, your hands were so black.

"I'll wash 'em," cried Jack, "and I'll double my pay,
If you'll teach me again;" but the boy answered nay.
Poor Jack stood and thought, when it entered his mind,
He could learn off the stones, in the churchyard behind.

He pointed them out, when the boys said in turn,
We'll help this poor fellow, he wants so to learn;
One little boy said I to Sunday school go,
My teacher will gladly receive him, I know.

"Well done," said poor Jack, "now, now I'm content;"
And the next Sunday after to this school he went;
Where he soon learned to read of that Jesus who died,
Believed in him, loved him, and God glorified.

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

JOHN.

I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too:

I would go amid the battle,
With my broad sword in my hand ;
And hear the cannon rattle,
And music all so grand.

MOTHER.

My son, my son, what if that sword
Should strike a noble heart ?
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart !
What comfort would your waving plumes,
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe ?

WILLIAM.

I mean to be a president,
And rule each rising state ;
And hold my levees once a week,
For all the gay and great.
I'll be a king, except a crown,
For that they won't allow ;
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

MOTHER.

My son, my son, the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest.

The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust ;
For he knows how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust.

LOUISA.

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill ;
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill.
And I'll train a lovely woodbine,
Around my cottage door ;
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

MOTHER.

Louisa, dear, a humble mind
Is beautiful to see ;
And you shall never hear a word,
To check that mind from me,
But, oh ! remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade ;
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage heart invade.

CAROLINE.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours ;
Music, and sport, and joy, shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers.

No heart shall ache with sadness
Beneath my laughing hall ;
But the note of joy and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

MOTHER.

Oh ! children, sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain ;
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows,
And like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

THE LITTLE WANDERING JEW.

Far, far, from Zion, far from God,
And suffering still the chastening rod,
Hopeless, and homeless, meet your view,
A little, weary, wandering Jew.

No father's name, no worship sweet,
No Saviour's love, no mercy seat—
Blessings his nation brought to you—
Now glad the little weary Jew.

Oh ! Christian Gentiles, can you hear
That Gospel, to your souls so dear,
And yet no sympathy from you
Await the little wandering Jew ?

Or canst thou view the Eastern star,
Which brought the wise-men from afar,
And whilst it shines so bright on you,
Forget the darkness of the Jew ?

Or canst thou hear thy God's address,
" Who blesseth thee I'll ever bless,"
And yet refuse the tribute due,
To teach and cheer the little Jew ?

THE BLIND BOY.

Oh ! say, what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy !
What are the blessings of the sight ?
O ! tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he,
Or make it day, or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure, with patience, I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

THE LITTLE SWEEP.

A little sweep, at break of day,
Just roused from strawy bed ;
With bag and brush hied on his way,
While thus to himself he said :—

“ I’ve had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters, none ;
Then what to me is all this earth,
Where I am only one ?

“ I wake, and see the morning shine,
And all around me gay ;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No, not the light of day.

“ No, not the very breath I draw ;
These limbs are not my own ;
A master calls me by his law,
My griefs are mine alone.

“ Hard fare, cold lodging, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength, consume ;
What tree could thrive in such a soil,
What flower in soot could bloom ?

“ Well, though I am a cast-away,
I may be happy still,
For I've just heard there is a God,
And serve that God I will.

“ I thought none lov'd a climbing boy,
Until I went one day
Into the Sunday School, and there
I heard the teacher say,

“ That God lov'd little boys and girls,
And lov'd a little sweep :
If I were sure that this was true,
How soundly I could sleep !

“ Said, heaven was a happy place,
And God alone was king ;
I wish I could but see his face,
And hear his angels sing.

I wish he'd say, 'Come little sweep,
Unto thy God draw nigh ;'
I'd try when on some chimney top,
If I could climb so high.

“ Well, though I live in soot and dust,
And I can hardly see ;
In robes of heavenly white, I trust,
With angels I shall be.”

WHO LOVES ME BEST?

Who loves me best ? my mother sweet,
Whose every look with love replete,
Who held me an infant on her knee,
Who hath ever watched me tenderly.
And yet I have heard my mother say
That she some time must pass away ;
Who then shall shield me from earthly ill ?
Some one must love me better still.

Who loves me best ? my father dear,
Who loveth to have me always near,
He whom I fly each eve to meet,
When past away is the noontide heat,
Who from the bank, where the sunbeam lies,
Brings me the wild wood strawberries.
Oh ! he's dear as my mother to me,
But he will perish, even as she.

Who loves me best ? the gentle dove,
That I have tam'd with my childish love,
That every one save myself doth fear,
Whose soft coo soundeth, when I come near,
Yet, perhaps it is only because I bring
To its cage the drops from the clearest spring,
And hang green branches around its door.
Something, surely, must love me more.

Who loves me best ? my sister fair,
With her laughing eyes, and clustering hair,

Who flowers around my head doth twine,
Who presseth her rosy lips to mine;
Who singeth me songs in her heartless glee,
Can any one love me better than she?
Yet when I asked, that sister confess'd
Of all she did not love me the best.

Who loves me best? my brother young,
With his healthy cheek, and lisping tongue,
Who delighteth to lead me in merry play,
Far down the greenwood's bushy way.
Who showeth me where the hazel nuts grow,
And where the fairest field flowers blow.
Yet, perhaps he loves me no more than the rest;
How shall I find who loves me best?

My mother loves me, but she may die;
My white dove loves me, but that may fly;
My father loves me, but he may be chang'd,
I have heard of brothers and sisters estrang'd.
If they should forsake me, oh! what should I do?
Where should I bear my sad heart to?
Some one surely would be my stay,
Some one must love me better than they.

Yes, fair child, there is one above,
Who loves thee with an unchangeable love;
He who form'd those frail, dear things,
To which thy fond heart fondly clings,
Even though all should forsake thee, still
He would protect thee through every ill.
Oh is not such love worth all the rest?
Child, it is God who loves thee best.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath ;
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were blue, and she was fair ;
Her beauty made me glad.

Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ?
How many ? seven, in all, she said,
And, wondering, look'd at me.

And where are they ? I pray you tell ;
She answered, seven, are we,
Two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.

You run about my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen,
The little maid replied,
Twelve steps or more, from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she mourning lay,
Till God releas'd her of her pain,
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forc'd to go,
And he lies by her side.

How many are you, then ? cried I,
Since they two are in heaven ;
The little maiden did reply,
O, master, we are seven.

But they are dead, those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven ;
But still 'twas throwing words away,
The little maid would have her way, and said,
nay, we are seven.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with its song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite.
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by its spark ;
And stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent :
Did you admire my lamp, said he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;

For 'twas the self same power Divine,
Taught you to sing and me to shine :
That you with music, I with light,
Might cheer and beautify the night ?
The songster heard his long oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn,
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent ;
Respecting in each other's place,
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim :
Peace, both the duty and the prize,
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

HARE AND TORTOISE.

In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds conversed as well as sung ;
When use of speech was not confined
Merely to brutes of human kind ;
A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighbouring plain,

Would oft deride the drudging crowd,
For geniusses are ever proud.
He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog, and horse, he'd beat them hollow ;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation :
" Oh ! puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race,
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I'll lay my shell upon the trial.
'Twas done, and done, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepared, and distance set ;
The scampering hare outstript the wind,
The creeping tortoise lagged behind,
And scarce had passed a single pole,
When puss had almost reached the goal.
" Friend tortoise ! " quoth the jeering hare,
" Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell ;
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and soon be with thee."
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say what conquest more secure ?
Whene'er he woke (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolved to persevere ;
Still drawled along, as if to say,

"I'll win, like Fabius, by delay,"
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke,
"Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts ;
You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race."

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

Come take up your hats, and away let us haste,
To the butterfly's ball, and the grasshopper's feast ;
The trumpeter gadfly has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.
On the smooth shaven grass, by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
For an evening's amusement together repair.
And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back ;
And there came the gnat, and the dragonfly too,
And all their relations, green, orange, and blue ;
And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet, in jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp his companion did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting,
And the sly little dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole.

And the snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell,
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell ;
A mushroom their table, and on it were laid,
A waterdock leaf, which a tablecloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.
There close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner looked up to the skies ;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in a tree.
Then out came a spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line :
From one branch to another his cobweb he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along ;
But just in the middle, oh, shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor harlequin fell :
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.
Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;
He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step quite majestic, the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance,
But they all laughed so loud, that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with his light :
Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you nor for me.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

Oh ye! who so lately were blithsome and gay,
At the butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of feasting are fled,
For the chief of the banquet, the butterfly's dead!
No longer the flies and the emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the grasshopper's dance;
To see his fine form o'er the favourite bend,
For the grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.
And hark to the funeral dirge of the bee,
And the beetle, who follows, as solemn as he!
And see where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The mole is preparing the butterfly's grave.
The dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn;
The gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the moth being grieved at the loss of a sister,
Bent over her body and silently kissed her.
The corpse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the silkworm had spun;
By the help of the hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.
In weepers and scarfs came the butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the glowworm soon frightened him back.
The grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the book-worm along;
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on his tomb:—

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
In sadness we bent o'er the butterfly's grave ;
'Twas here the last tribute to beauty we paid,
As we wept o'er the mound which her ashes had made.
And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow ;
While under the leaf in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning her friend, shall the grasshopper sing.

BREAD FRUIT TREE.

There is an island where no peasants toil,
To drive the ploughshare in the fertile soil ;
No seed is sown, no corn fields deck the plain,
No pond'rous millstones bruise the ripen'd grain ;
Their mellow harvest ripens over head,
Their groves supply them with abundant bread ;
On stately trees the sun, and genial air,
Without man's aid, unceasing food prepare.
Still further benefits these trees bestow,
The stem is fell'd, behold ! the light canoe ;
From the tough fibres of the bark, proceeds
Such simple clothing as the climate needs.
Delightful clime ! where flowers perpetual grow,
Unchecked by winter's frost or showers of snow.

THE ANT AND THE CRICKET.

A silly young cricket accustomed to sing,
Through the warm sunny months of gay summer and
spring,

Began to complain, when he found that at home,
His cupboard was empty, and winter was come.

Not a crumb to be found
On the snow covered ground,
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on the tree ;

Oh ! what will become, says the cricket, of me ?

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet, all shivering with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if to keep him alive he would grant

Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain,
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay him to morrow,

If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend ;
But tell me, dear cricket, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm ? " says the cricket, "not I,

My heart was so light,
That I sung day and night,
For all nature looked gay."

"You sung, sir, you say,

Go then," says the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ended he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Folks call this a fable, I'll warrant it true ;
Some crickets have four legs, while some have but two.

LAPLAND.

With blue cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou ?
From Lapland hills, and woods of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost ;
Where tapering grows the gloomy fir,
And the stunted juniper.
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten in surrounding snow ;
Where the shiv'ring huntsmen tear
His fur coat from the grim white bear ;
Where the wolf and arctic fox
Prowl among the lonely rocks,
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half a year ;
From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail ;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows ;
Where tumbling in their sealskin boat,
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny.

OUR ENGLISH HOME.

Oh who would leave this happy land,
Where peace and plenty dwell,
To roam upon a foreign strand,
Whose wonders travellers tell?

The orange sheds its sweet perfume
Beneath Hispania's skies ;
But we've the apple's ruddy bloom,
The orchard's rich supplies.

The cocoa and the date tree spread
Their boughs in India's clime ;
The yellow mango hangs o'er head,
And stately grows the lime.

But we've the cherry's tempting bough,
The currant's coral gem ;
What English child will not allow
That these may vie with them ?

Italy boasts its citron groves,
And walks of lemon trees,
Ceylon its spicy nuts and cloves,
That scent the summer breeze :

But we've the peach, and nect'rine red,
The ripe and blooming plumb,
The strawberry in its leafy bed,
When holidays are come.

The purple vine its harvest yields,
France in thy fertile plain ;
But we've the yellow waving fields
Of golden British grain.

Heaven on our favour'd land hath smil'd,
From want and war we're free ;
The noble's heir, the peasant's child,
Alike have liberty.

Grateful we'll praise the mighty hand
That sheds such blessings here,
Protecting still our native land
From ills that others fear.

Still let us love this spot of earth,
The best where'er we roam,
And duly estimate the worth,
Of our dear English home.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now he who knows old Christmas,
He knows a carle of worth ;
For he is as good a fellow
As any upon earth !

He comes warm cloaked and coated,
And buttoned up to the chin ;
And soon as he comes anigh the door,
'Twill open and let him in.

We know that he will not fail us,
So we sweep the hearth up clean ;
We set him the old arm chair,
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy,
We make the house look gay ;
Just out of an old regard to him,
For it was his ancient way.

We broach the strong ale barrel,
And bring out wine and meat ;
And thus have all things ready,
Our dear old friend to greet.

He comes with a cordial voice,
That does one good to hear ;
He shakes one heartily by the hand,
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children,
He asks in a cheerful tone ;
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,
He remembers them every one !

What a fine old fellow he is,
With his faculties all as clear,
And his heart as warm and light,
As a man in his fortieth year !

What a fine old fellow in troth,
Not one of your griping elves,
Who with plenty of money to spare,
Think only about themselves.

Not he ! for he loveth the children,
And holiday begs for all :
And comes with his pockets full of gifts,
For the great ones and the small !

And he tells us witty old stories ;
And singeth with might and main ;
And we talk of the old man's visit,
Till the day that he comes again.

CHAPTER OF LOGIC.

An Eton stripling training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at law,
One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown, and store of learned pelf :
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home ;
Arrived, and passed the usual how d'ye do's,
Enquiries of old friends, and college news,
"Well Tom! the road, what saw you worth discerning ?
And how goes study ? what is it you're learning ?"
" Oh ! logic sir, but not the common rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools !
'Tis wit, and wrangler's logic—thus d'ye see,
I'll prove, at once, as plain as A, B, C,
That an eel pie is a pigeon ; to deny it
Would be to swear black's white—come let us try it.
An eel pie must be a pie of fish—agreed,
A fish pie may be a jack pie ; well, proceed,

A jack pie must be a john pie, thus, 'tis done,
For every john pie must be a pie john."
Bravo! Sir Peter cried, logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother! and she was clever.
But hold, my boy, it surely is too hard,
That wit and learning should have no reward;
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And there I'll give you—what? a chesnut horse.
A horse! quoth Tom, blood, pedigree, and paces!
O what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!
To bed he went and sigh'd for downright sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dreamt of his boots, and spurs, and leather breeches,
His hunting whips, and leaping rails and ditches,
Left his warm nest an hour before the lark,
Dragged his old uncle fasting through the park;
Each craggy vale he scoured, quite at a loss
To find out something like a chesnut horse;
But no such animal the meadow crop't.
At length beneath a tree Sir Peter stop't,
And took a bough, shook it, and down there fell
A fine horse chesnut, in its prickly shell.
There Tom, take that.—Well sir, and what besides?
Why since your booted, Tom, straddle it and ride.
Ride what? a chesnut! aye, come get across,
I tell you, Tom, the chesnut is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get; for I can shew,
As clear as sunshine that 'tis really so,
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools;

All logic but the wrangler's I disown,
And stick to one sound argument alone :
Since you have prov'd to me, I do'n't deny,
That a pie john is the same as a john pie ;
What follows then ? but as a thing of course,
That a horse chesnut is a chesnut horse.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH TAR.

I love contemplating apart
From all his homocidal glory,
The traits that soften to our hearts
Napoleon's story.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanc'd to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprison'd on the shore to roam,
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye methinks pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over,
With envy, they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch he thought
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning, dreaming, doating,
An empty hogshead on the deep,
Come shoreward floating.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The live-long day laborious, lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat,
By mighty working.

Oh dear me! 'twas a thing beyond
Description, such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing on the salt sea-field,
'Twould make the very boldest shudder,
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
No sail, no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlac'd
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped, he would have passed
The foaming billows.

A French guard caught him on the beach,
His little Argos sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him came to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude
Addressed the stranger.

"Rash youth! that wouldst yon channel pass
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet English lass,
Must be impassion'd."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad,
"But absent years from one another,
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"You've both my favour justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift,
To find a dinner plain and hearty,
But never chang'd the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

DISPUTE BETWEEN NOSE AND EYES.

Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a good deal of wit, and a wig full of learning :
While chief baron ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession, time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the nose is, in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose,
'Tis a case that has happen'd and may be again,
That the visage, or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or could, wear the spectacles then ?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the nose,
And the nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again on behalf of the eyes ;
But what were his arguments, few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if, or but,
"That whenever the nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light, eyes should be shut."

ST. PHILIP NERI AND THE YOUTH.

St Philip Neri, as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day ;
And being ever courteously inclined
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him, and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us :—

St. P. N. Tell me, what brings you, gentle youth, to
Rome ?

Youth. To make myself a scholar, sir, I come.

St. P. N. And when you are one, what do you intend ?

Youth. To be a priest, I hope, sir, in the end.

St. P. N. Suppose it so, what have you next in view ?

Youth. That I may get to be a canon too.

St. P. N. Well, and what then ?

Youth. Why then, for aught I know,
I may be made a bishop.

St. P. N. Be it so—

What then ?

Youth. Why, cardinal's a high degree,
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. P. N. Suppose it was—what then ?

Youth. Why, who can say,

But I've a chance of being pope one day.

St. P. N. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown—what follows after that ?

Youth. Nay, there is nothing further, to be sure,
Upon the earth, that wishing can procure ;

When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then I must die.
St. P. N. What, *must* you *die*? fond youth! and at
the best,
But wish, and hope, and may be, all the rest?
Take my advice, whatever may betide,
For that which *must* be first of all provide:
Then think of that which *may* be, and, indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may succeed?
But you may be, as you are pleased to hope,
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal and pope.

PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A youngster at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.
He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answered, "oh, no,
What rob our good neighbour, I pray you don't go,
Besides he is poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."
"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not you shall have neither apple nor pear."
They spoke, and Tom ponder'd, I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so:
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang, till they dropped from the tree ;
But since they will have them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.
His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
He went with his comrades, the apples to seize ;
He blamed, and protested, but joined in the plan,
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

FLORA AND THE BOY.

A boy one morn into a garden stray'd,
Which Flora had adorn'd with sweetest flowers :
Roses, azalias, lilies, pinks, display'd
Their various charms, their fascinating powers.
The little rogue delighted, view'd the rich parterre,
And long'd to rifle every beauty there.
But Flora, when she saw him thus dispos'd,
Drew near, and wisely interposed :
She, smiling, said, " my little friend,
To one alone your choice must be confin'd ;
Look round, select one to your mind,
Where balmy odours with rare beauty blend."
He quickly laid his hand upon a rose,
Whose charms his little heart might well engage,
When soon the thorns his rude attack oppose.
With indignation fir'd,
He from the lurking enemy retir'd,
And scornful thus express'd his idle rage :—

"Go, wither on thy stem, thou treach'rous flower,
There pine and fade, neglected and forlorn ;
I'll seek another rose, in yonder bower,
Which fair, like thee, shall blow without one thorn."
He ran to pluck one from the clust'ring store,
Each bower examin'd o'er and o'er,
As vainly search'd the garden round,
Alas ! no rose without a thorn was to be found.
His heart beat high with rising pride,
That thus his wishes were denied,
For he had never felt controul ;
At length a flood of tears reliev'd his swelling soul.
Flora diverted at such childish grief,
Yet willing to encourage him, approach'd again ;
"My son," she said, "your tears are vain :
But take my counsel you will find relief,
Courage and perseverance never fail ;
First o'er the thorns prevail,
Each difficulty you will then remove,
And gain the object of your love."
To this each little student may compare
The hours of learning, often mix'd with care ;
Yet while the road to knowledge is in view,
With diligence its winding paths pursue,
And though some briers on the way appear,
Those will be conquer'd if you persevere ;
And having well employ'd your youthful hours,
Reap, with advantage, time's most precious flowers.

**ALEXANDER SELKIRK ON THE ISLAND
OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.**

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre, all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh ! solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone ;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage,
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ; what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word !
More precious than silver, or gold,
Or all that the earth can afford.
But the sound of the church going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard ;
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Nor smil'd when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there :
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

The sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.

There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross,
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?—
From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Nor in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts a vale with shady rows?—
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?—
Who taught that heaven directed spire to rise?—
"The man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold! the market-place, with poor o'er spread,
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.

Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What numbers wish, but want the power to do.
But say, what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines, to swell the boundless charity ?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush ! grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze,
Ye little stars hide your diminish'd rays.
And what ! no monument ! inscription stone !
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown :
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go read it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich, and poor, makes all the history.
Enough, that virtue filled the space between,
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.

FALSE COURAGE.

Horatio of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane ;
And as the fumes of valour fill'd his pate,
Now thought himself this hero, and now that ;
And now, said he, " I will Achilles be ;
My sword I'll brandish, see ! the Trojans flee :
Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughter'd Grecians made.
And now, by deeds still braver, I'll evince
That I'm no less than Edward the Black Prince,—

Give way, ye coward French !” as thus he spoke,
And aim'd, in fancy, a sufficient stroke
To crush the fate of Cressy and Poitiers ;
(The muse relates the hero's fate with tears)
He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
Ah ! where is now that boasted valour flown,
Which in the tented field so late was shown ?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

CASIBIANCA, THE HEROIC BOY.*

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead ;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm,
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form !

The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

* Young Casibianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral to the Orient, remained at his post during the battle of the Nile after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel when the flames had reached the powder.

He cried aloud, "say, father, say,
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone?"
And,"—but the booming shots replied,
And the fast flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair!

He shouted yet once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way;
They wrapped the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy, oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast and helm and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

THE CROCUS.

Down in my solitude under the snow,
Where nothing cheering can reach me,
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I'll trust to nature to teach me.

I will not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Lock'd in so gloomy a dwelling ;
My leaves shall run up, and my root shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peep up with my little bright head,
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young buds diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus ;
And I from the darkness of earth will emerge,
A happy and beautiful crocus.

Gaily arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one so serene,
Came from so dismal a prison.

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This useful lesson may borrow :—
Patient to day, through its gloomiest hour,
We come out the brighter to-morrow !

THE DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower to nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultur'd ground
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page, in every place,
In every season fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

THE BABY.

Safe sleeping on its mother's breast
The smiling babe appears;
Now sweetly sinking into rest,
Now wash'd in sudden tears.
Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care
The little thing must die;
Its chubby hands too feeble are
One service to supply:
And not a tittle does it know
What kind of world 'tis come into.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass
When scarcely born a day;

Its foal beside its mother ass,
Trots frolicsome away ;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,
And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
To anything of size ;
And all the while a mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Then surely when each little limb
Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him
For toil and enterprise,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never, will forget.

TO A BLOSSOMLESS SNOW DROP.

Come forth, harsh February's pallid child,
Raise thy meek head above the chilly snow ;
The sun has doff'd his cloudy head and smiled,
Wherefore delayest thou ?

Where art thou, daughter of the smiling spring,
Thy bright eyed sister's golden head is peeping,
The daffodil has spread her golden wing,
Snowdrop, where art thou sleeping ?

Haste thee sweet flower, haste thee, come quickly forth,
Wait'st thou to let deceitful zephyr's charm thee?
Fear not the roughness of the rude old north,
He loves, and will not harm thee.

Farewell! sweet harbinger of sunny days,
Absent, yet sweet to me thy memory;
Next time upon thy tender leaves I gaze
Be there, to welcome me.

THE HAREBELL AND FOXGLOVE.

In a valley obscure, on a bank of green shade,
A sweet little harebell her dwelling had made:
Her roof was a woodbine, that tastefully spread
Its close-woven tendrils o'er arching her head.
Her bed was of moss, that each morning made new;
She dined on a sunbeam, and supped on the dew.
Her neighbour the nightingale sung her to rest,
And care had ne'er planted a thorn in her breast.
One morning she saw on the opposite side,
A foxglove displaying his colours of pride,
She gazed on his form that in stateliness grew,
And envied his height and his beautiful hue:
She marked how the flowerets all gave way before him,
While they pressed round her dwelling with far less
decorum.

Dissatisfied, jealous, and peevish she grows,
And the sight of this foxglove destroys her repose;
She tires of her vesture, and swelling with spleen,
Cries, "ne'er such a dowdy blue mantle was seen."

Nor keeps to herself any longer her pain,
But thus to a primrose begins to complain :—
“ I envy your mood that can patient abide
The respect paid that foxglove, his airs and his pride ;
There you sit, still the same, with your colourless cheek,
But you have no spirit,—would I were as meek.”
The primrose, good humoured replied “ If you knew
More about him, (remember I am older than you,
And better instructed, can tell you his tale,)
You would envy him least of all flowers in this vale.
With all his fine airs, and his dazzling show,
No flower more baneful and odious can blow ;
And the reason the flowerets before him give way
Is because they all hate him and shrink from his sway.
To stay near him long, would be fading or death,
For he scatters a pest with his venomous breath !
While the flowers that you fancy are crowding you there,
Spring round you, delighted your converse to share.
His flame-coloured robe is imposing 'tis true,
Yet who likes it so well as your mantle of blue,
For we know that of innocence one is the vest,
The other the cloak of a treacherous breast.
I see your surprise ; but I know him full well,
And have numbered his victims as fading they fell :
He blighted twin violets that under him lay,
And poisoned a sister of mine the same day.”
The primrose was silent ; the harebell, 'tis said,
Inclined for a moment her beautiful head ;
But quickly recovered her spirit, and then
Declared that she ne'er should feel envy again.

THE OAK TREE.

The oak tree was an acorn once,
And fell upon the earth,
And sun and showers nourish'd it,
And gave the oak tree birth.
The little sprouting oak tree,
Two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and showers nourish'd it,
Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling oak tree,
Its root was like a thread.
Till the kindly earth had nourish'd it,
Then out it freely spread.
On this side, and on that side,
It grappl'd with the ground,
And in the ancient rifted rock
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came, and the rains fell,
The gusty tempests blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak tree,
And stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall,
He feeble grew, and grew ;
But the oak was still the thriving tree,
And strengthened every day.

Four cent'ries grew the oak tree,
Nor doth its verdure fail,
Its heart is like the iron wood,
Its bark like plaited mail.

Now cut us down the oak tree,
The monarch of the wood,
And of its timbers stout and strong
We'll build a vessel good.

The oak tree of the forest
Both east and west shall fly,
And the blessings of a thousand lands
Upon our ship shall lie.
For she shall not be a man of war,
Nor a pirate shall she be ;
But a noble Christian merchant ship,
To sail upon the sea.

Then sing for the oak tree,
The monarch of the wood ;
Sing for the oak tree,
That groweth green and good.
That groweth broad and branching,
Within the forest shade ;
That groweth now, and yet shall grow,
When we are lowly laid.

UNKIND REFLECTIONS.

Oh never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another ;
Oh never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound ; but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain
Has spurned the law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue ;
But not to wound or to annoy
Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace winged in fairer worlds above
Shall lend her dawn to brighten this ;
Then all man's labour shall be love,
And all his aim a brother's bliss.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

" And wherefore do the poor complain ? "
The rich man asked of me :—
" Come walk abroad with me," I said,
" And I will answer thee."

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold ;
And we were wrapped and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were few and white ;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold?

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

I asked her why she loitered there
When the wind it blew so chill?
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still.

She told us that her husband served,—
A soldier far away;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he:
"You asked me why the poor complain,
And these have answered thee."

THE WINTER FIRE.

A fire's a good companionable friend—
A comfortable friend—who meets your face
With pleasant welcome; makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold?—
He warms you. Weary?—he refreshes you.
Hungry?—he doth prepare your food for you.
Are you in darkness?—he gives light to you.
In a strange land?—he wears a face that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
What matters that to him—he knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!—
Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
Will do so much for you?

SWISS HOME SICKNESS.

Wherefore so sad and faint my heart?
The stranger's land is fair;
Yet weary, weary, still thou art,
What find'st thou wanting there?

What wanting? all, oh! all I love!
Am I not lonely here?
Through a fair land, in sooth, I rove,
But what like home is dear?

My home! oh! thither would I fly,
Where the free air is sweet,
My father's voice, my mother's eye,
My own wild hills to greet.

My hills, with all their soaring steep,
With all their glaciers bright,
Where, in his joy, the chamois sleeps,
Mocking the hunter's might.

Here no familiar look I trace,
I touch no friendly hand;
No child laughs kindly in my face,
As in my own sweet land.

OLD ENGLAND.

Old England is my native isle,
And well I love its ground;
For here unnumbered blessings smile,
And circle it around.

And there is not a spot on earth
That I love half so well
As this dear land that gave me birth,
This island where I dwell.

The ocean that around it flows,
And laves its peaceful strand,
Secures it from its proudest foes,
A free and happy land.

And England's sons are bold and true,
And love their native soil ;
And he the vile attempt shall rue
That seeks that land to spoil.

Thou land of liberty, 'tis thou
I love who gav'st me birth ;
And thou shalt always be to me
The dearest spot on earth.

THE DESTROYER.

I saw the Memphian pyramid
In awful grandeur rise,
Which like a mighty pillar seem'd
To prop the lofty skies.

An old man, with a snow-white beard,
Across the desert came,
With a long grey robe thrown loosely o'er
His breast and wither'd frame.

He stood beside the pyramid,
And laid his hand thereon,
When lo ! the pile fell crumbling down,
Till every stone was gone.

There was a city, vast and great,
The world's imperial queen ;
Whose lofty towers and palaces
On every side were seen.

The hum of busy multitudes,
And shouts of armed bands,
The song of triumph, and the clash
Of shields and glittering brands :

With every sound of revelry,
That from the banquet flows,
From out that city's crowded streets,
In mingled discord rose.

I look'd, and lo ! that same old man,
With a visage pale and grim,
Pass'd through those streets, observing none,
And none observing him.

Yet as he paced those crowded streets,
Quick hurrying to and fro,
All sounds of revelry were changed
To the bitter wails of woe.

Still on he went, without a stop,
Till every sound had fled,
And nought within those walls was heard,
But the echo of his tread.

Still on he went, still on he went,
Till palace, tower, and wall,
Sank down in one unseemly mass,
And ruin covered all.

Who art thou, stern destroyer ? say—
“ I am known in every clime—
Man and his works all pass away,
Beneath the hand of T I M E.

A CHILD'S WISH.

I wish that I myself had lived
In the ages that are gone,
Like a brother of the wandering Jew,
And yet kept living on ;
For then in its early glory
I could have proudly paced
The city of the wilderness,
Old Tadmor of the waste.
And have seen the queen of Sheba
With her camels riding on,
With spices rich, and precious stones,
To great king Solomon ;
And all the ivory palaces,
With floors of beaten gold ;
And in the green fair gardens walked
Of Babylon of old.
And have talked with grey Phœnicians
Of dark and solemn seas,
And heard the wild and solemn tales
Of their far voyages.
I could have solved all mysteries
Of Egypt old and vast,
And read each hieroglyphic scroll
From the first word to the last.
I should have known what cities
In the desert wastes were hid ;
And have walked, as in my father's house,
Through each great pyramid.

I might have sat on Homer's knees,
A little prattling boy,
Hearing all he knew of Grecian tales,
And the bloody work at Troy.

I might have walked with Plato
In groves of Academe ;
And have talked with him of Pan,
And the Naiads of each stream ;
And then have left fair Athens,
With its stately Parthenon ;
And in after days to seven-hill'd Rome,
With eager steps have gone !

To have stood by warlike Romulus,
In council and in fray,
And with his horde of robbers dwelt
In reed-roofed huts of clay !
Think of ambitious Cæsar,
And Pompey the great and brave ;
To have seen their legions in the field,
Their galleys on the wave !

I should have seen Rome's glory dimm'd,
When round her leagur'd wall
Came down the Vandal and the Goth,
The Scythian and the Gaul ;
And the dwarfish Huns by myriads,
From the unknown northern shores ;
As if the very earth gave up
The brown men of the moors.

I should have seen old Wodin
And his seven sons go forth,
From the green banks of the Caspian sea,
To the dim wilds of the North ;
To the dark and piny forests,
Where he made his drear abode,
And taught his wild and fearful faith,
And thus became their god.
The terrible Vikinger,
Dwellers on the stormy sea ;
The Norse-men and the Runic lore
Had all been known to me.
Think only of the dismal tales,
Of the mysteries I should know,
If my long life had but begun
Three thousand years ago !

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language ! life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine, thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me :
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
Grieve not my child, chase all thy fears away.
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrance of one so dear,
O ! welcome guest though unexpected here,
Who bidst me honour with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
Shall steep me in elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son ?
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun.
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss ;
Ah ! that maternal smile it answers yes.
I heard the bell toll on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
And turning from the nursery window drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such ? it was, where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that happy shore !
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my infant stock of sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forget.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more :
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap.
'Tis now become a history little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own :
Short liv'd possession, but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties e'er I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum,
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
All this lives legibly in memory's page,
And still shall do so to my latest age.
Could time his flight revers'd give back the hours
When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,—
The violet, the pink, and jessamine—
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile.

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart, the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no, what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
But while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

JOURNEY TO EMMAUS.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of Him they lov'd, of Him whose life
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife ;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd enrich'd them still the more,
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him one
Sent to do more than He appear'd to have done ;

T' exalt a people, and to raise them high
Above all else, and wonder'd He should die.
E'er yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend ;
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share ;
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well,
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, the night they said is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here.
Their new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at the simple feast,
He bless'd the bread ; but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'twas the Lord."
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say ?
Did they not burn within us by the way ?
Now their's was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves.
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at Him :
Christ and his character, their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope ;
They felt, what it became them much to feel,
And wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.

PHILOSOPHER AND KNITTING GIRL.

The path to bliss abounds with many a snare,
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman first in literary fame,
Mention him if you please, Voltaire? the same,
With spirit, genius, eloquence supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
The Scripture was his jest book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew.
An infidel in health, but what when sick?—
Oh then, a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at Paris, in his last career,—
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;—
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincense on every side,
He begs their flattery with his latest breath,
Till smother'd in't at last, is praised to death.
Yon cottager who weaves at her own door
Pillow and bobbin, all her little store,
Content, tho' mean, and cheerful, if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
She for her humble sphere by nature fit
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise, and though her lot be such,
Toilsome and indigent, she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew,

And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
Oh happy peasant ! oh unhappy bard !
His the mere tinsel, her's the rich reward :
He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home.
He lost in error, his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of her's.

ISRAEL A WARNING TO NATIONS.

Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence of every age,
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land :
What nation will you find whose annals prove
So rich an interest in Almighty God ?
Where dwell they now ? where dwelt in ancient day
A people planted, water'd, bless'd as they ?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favors poured upon the Jewish name :
Their freedom purchased for them, at the cost
Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;
Their title to a country, not their own,
Made sure by prodigies till then unknown.
For them the states they left made waste and void,
For them the states to which they went destroy'd,
A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By night a fire to cheer their gloomy way :

That moving signal summoning when best
Their host to move, and when it stay'd to rest.
For them the rocks dissolved into a flood,
The dews condensed into angelic food ;
Their very garments sacred, old, yet new,
And time forbid to touch them as he flew :
Streams swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand
While they passed thro' to their appointed land.
Their leader armed with meekness, zeal, and love,
And grac'd with clear credentials from above ;
Themselves secured beneath the Almighty wing,
Their God their captain, lawgiver, and king ;
Crown'd with a thousand victories, and at last
Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast ;
In peace possessing what they won by war,
Their name far publish'd, and rever'd as far.
Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd
With all that man e'er wish'd, or heaven bestow'd ?
They, and they only, amongst all mankind,
Received the transcript of the eternal mind ;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause.
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs by birth, the Saviour of us all.
In vain the nations that had seen them rise
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were
By power Divine, and skill that could not err,
Had they maintained allegiance firm and sure,
And kept their faith immaculate and pure,

Then the proud eagles of all-conquering Rome
Had found one city, not to be o'ercome ;
And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurl'd,
Had bid defiance to a warring world.
But grace abus'd brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.
Cur'd of the golden calves, their father's sin,
They set up self, that idol god, within ;
View'd a deliverer with disdain and hate,
Who left them still a tributary state :
Seized fast his hand, held out to set them free
From a worse yoke, and nailed it to a tree.
There was the consummation and the crown,
The flower of Israel's infamy full blown :
Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
Their woes not yet repeal'd, thence date them all ;
The glory faded, and their race dispersed,
The last of nations now, though once the first.

PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

In days of yore, as Gothic fable tells,
When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells,
When wild astrology's distorted eye
Shunn'd the fair field of true philosophy,
And wand'ring through the depth of mental night,
Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light ;
When curious alchymy, with puzzled brow,

Attempted things that science laughs at now :
Losing the useful purpose, she consults
In vain chimeras, and unknown results.
In those grey times there lived a reverend sage,
Whose wisdom shed its lustre on the age.
A monk he was, immur'd in cloister'd walls,
Where now the ivy'd ruin crumbling falls.
'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose,
The noisy world disturbed not that repose,
The flow of murmuring waters day by day,
And whistling winds that forc'd their tardy way
Thro' reverend trees of ages growth, that made
Around the holy pile a deep monastic shade.
The chanted psalm, or solitary prayer,
Such were the sounds that broke the silence there.

* * * * *

'Twas here when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone cover'd floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He form'd the contrivance we now shall explain :
But whether by magic's or alchymy's powers
We know not, indeed 'tis no business of ours.
Perhaps it was only by patience and care
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years passed away,
And e'er 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey ;
But success is secure unless energy fails,
And at length he produc'd the philosopher's scales.
What were they ? you ask, you shall presently see,

These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea,
O! no, for such properties wond'rous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.
Nought was there so bulky but there it could lay,
And nought so etherial but there it must stay;
And nought so reluctant but in it must go,
All which some examples more clearly will show.
The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft, with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.
Next time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made for a weight:
And though clad in armour, from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.
A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By well-esteemed pharisee, busy and proud,
Now loaded one scale, while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropp'd into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing's worth came with a
bounce.
Again he perform'd an experiment rare,
A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare,
Climb'd into one scale, in the other was laid
The heart of our Howard, now partly decay'd;

When he found with surprise, that the whole of his
brother,
Weighed less by some pounds than this bit of the other.
By farther experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough.
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanc'd by only a tenpenny nail.
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystalized tear.
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten councillor's wigs full of powder and curl
All heap'd in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weigh'd less than some atoms of candour and sense.
A first water diamond with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potatoe just wash'd from the dirt.
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
One pearl to outweigh, 'twas the pearl of great price.
At last the whole world was bowl'd in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight;
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof:
Whence balanc'd in air, it ascended on high,
And sail'd up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

MORAL.

Dear reader! if e'er self deception prevails,
We pray you to try the philosopher's scales:

Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found :—
Let judgment and conscience in circles be cut,
To which strings of thought may be carefully put ;
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Let these be made even, with caution extreme,
And impartiality use for a beam,
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your motives to serve for the weights.

LOVE OF COUNTRY AND HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance trembles to that pole.
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,—
A dearer, sweeter, spot than all the rest :

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found,
Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around,
O thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

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